

THE
BASTARD
OF
NORMANDY.

VOL. II.

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THE
BASTARD
OF
NORMANDY,
A TALE,
ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY
THE AUTHOR OF TANCRED,
A TALE OF ANCIENT TIMES.

*"Blest be the Bastard's Birth, thro' all his ways
He shines eccentric as the Comet's blaze."*

SAVAGE.

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THE
BASTARD
OF
NORMANDY.

CHAP. I.

ON the approach of Elwina to the cottage door, Romane and Justine (the very friend and daughter of Gonerville) rose from their seats to receive Lodowick. Though they accosted him both cheerfully and hospitably, there appeared a timidity and backwardness in Romane to suffer his progress further than the bare threshold—A mutual intimacy was what Lodowick most anxiously

expected, for the charms of Elwina had struck him with the most invincible desire to rush on her beauties in the most libertine extent. He panted to establish an immediate intercourse, that, like the serpent, being received at once in favor, he might with more facility sting his innocent hostess.— Chance, however, did more in favor for him than inclination, for a violent tempest at that time coming on, Romane was obliged to offer him his cottage as a shelter— Again and again did he bless this tempest, as it not only opened a channel for establishing a reciprocal intimacy, but appeared as a favorable omen to the completion of his wishes, being, like his intent, dark and tumultuous.— Lodowick,

wick, however, on passing the threshold, was staggered at the sight of a man sitting by the fire-side, leaning with his arm on his knee, and so much overwhelmed in thought, as not to perceive him enter. — Elwina discovering him thus immersed in contemplation, approached him first, and shaking him by the shoulder tenderly, said, “Harold, my dear husband, here is a stranger who has sought for shelter in our cottage from this dreadful storm.” — The youth, on hearing this, immediately started from his reverie, and approaching Lodowick with the most noble courtesy, bade him kindly welcome. The latter, at the sight of this unexpected person, felt himself overwhelmed with the most

inexpressible surprize and confusion—of such sort, in fact, as is experienced by guilt and vice, when they find themselves opposed to the contrasted retrospect of conscious virtue and innocence.

Harold, though evidently depressed with care and sorrow (for death, *as hereafter may be more fully told*, had robbed him of Sabina, his dearly beloved mother; and misfortunes, leagued with poverty, had driven him, with his wife and sister, to seek for shelter in the humble cottage of Romane) exhibited a person not in the smallest degree deficient of what Lodowick himself possessed, joined with an air of complacency and encouragement, that astonished the wondering

wondering spectator.—To behold, beneath so mean a roof, such beauty, dignity, and such nobleness of deportment, damped, at first, the adventurous designs of Lodowick, leaving him, at the same time, absorbed in an abyss of wonder, and panting with very eagerness, for an opportunity to have the greatness of his curiosity satisfied by some means or another—whilst, on the other hand, to discover that Elwina was the wife of Harold, served in a very great extent to depress, for the moment, his iniquitous purpose.

These reflective oppositions, however, were but transient and superficial; for to a callous and daring spirit, like that which Lo-

dowick possessed, dangers and obstacles, the greater and more numerous they are, appear more worthy of the enterprize, and nobler to overcome.

Lodowick, having thus gained his first point of being made acquainted with the person, and acquiring, in some degree, the good opinion of the cottagers, through the favorable introduction of Elwina, he did not despair of gaining his ultimate wish.—The tempest being over, Harold rose from his seat, and told his guest that now, as it was fair, he would, according to his daily custom, go in quest of some game with which the country abounded, and which, in fact, being their chief substance,

substance, was the only reason, owing to their present deficiency of that article, that they had not asked him to partake of some refreshment. — To this, however, Lodowick objected, and rising at the same time, intreated Harold to accompany him to his horse, as he must depart homewards, having some few leagues to travel—then taking leave of the cottagers, he departed in company with his young host from the cottage.

After some moments of silence, Lodowick, with every apparent ingenuoufness and possible artfulness, observed to Harold, that it was very easy to be remarked, on the slightest glimpse, that his mind was furcharged with some secret
sorrow

forrow—that fortune had dealt unkindly with him, his wife and his friends—that the unguarded expression which had escaped Elwina, on the banks of the Seine, was a sufficient testimonial of some unknown misfortune, and withal, that their persons, their discourse, their manners, so superior as they were to a cottage residence, demonstrated how fully they merited a more noble destiny.—Short and fatuitous therefore (continued Lodowick) as our interview has proved, I sincerely feel for your hidden sorrows—feel for those wounds which the shafts of adversity have showered upon you, and feeling, as I do experience, the most sensible gratification that I am enabled, in some measure, to render them supportable.

portable. Here Lodowick paused for a short time, to hear if Harold would make any reply ; but being disappointed in this, he thus concluded his deceitful Professions—My duty—my sympathy, and my religion, have ever taught me to alleviate the sorrows of adversity, and meliorate the distresses of my fellow-creatures.—What I have, therefore, the unfortunate and the virtuous are ever welcome to become the partakers of.—Thus anxious to participate the bounties of heaven, in gratitude to the being that sent them me, I hope, most worthy stranger, that your spirit will not feel itself injured by what I now dare to offer.—On this Lodowick pressed the acceptance of his purse ; but Harold, with

with a dignity that would be admired by any other but this artful hypocrite, refused the offered liberality—Whether or no? (replied the cottager) that I am overwhelmed with poverty or ill-fortune, as I may or may not be so, I have that remaining, which can well support the wants of our humble dwelling—To your generosity I shall ever be a debtor—The intent with me is equal to the deed—To me, however, you are the stranger of an hour—You know me not—Why thus liberal, therefore, to one who perhaps might deceive you—might perhaps prove unworthy of your generosity—When you journey this way again, my cottage will be always honoured by your presence—in
time,

time, therefore, you may be informed of my virtues or my vices, and then, when I want, I shall not be backward in asking.

At the conclusion of Harold's answer, (which was directed with every prudence and caution, as not willing to intrust his secrets to a stranger, and at the same time to accept a proffer, for why and from whom he knew not,) they arrived at the tree to which the horse had been fastened. Lodowick thereupon bade the cottager an apparent tender adieu, though, at the same period, he was both disappointed and surprized with the little information he had gained, and at the ambiguous refusal his pecuniary offer had experienced.

C H A P. II.

WHEN Harold returned to his cottage, Elwina and Justine were anxious to learn what the stranger had said to him in his absence—Having recapitulated thereupon every word that had reciprocally passed, and concluding with his refusal of the purse, Romané immediately lifted up his hands to heaven, and returned the most ardent thanks to his divine Creator for having dictated so disinterested and fortunate self-denial.—Harold, surprized at the anxious fervency with which
I this

this extraordinary thanksgiving was uttered, instantly demanded the cause? Romane to this interrogatory very readily answered, That when the stranger was approaching towards the cottage with Elwina, it struck him in the the most forcible manner that he had frequently seen the same person before—Looking upon him, therefore, with more steadfastness the further he advanced, I recollected him (continued Romane) to be Lodowick, the present lord of Le Devot castle, and who, not long since, killed his father in the forest. Having frequently accompanied baggages of corn and provisions from this part of the country to the castle, I had opportunities of seeing both him and my

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Lady Veronica, who now is gone, no one knows where.—The chevalier De Barre, a most noble knight and kinsman to the Le Devots, endeavoured to keep the murder of the Sire a secret from the neighbouring country ; but in vain, for crimes, my children, of so black a nature, the tongues of honesty and religion disdain to hide.

Harold, at the sound of this atrocious discovery, could scarce believe his senses—the sentiments of morality and friendship that he had heard from Lodowick, little suited with the horrid loads of guilt and parricide—to him he had appeared a faint—an angel dispatched by the benignity of Providence

vidence to relieve his sorrows.—
Romane, however, strongly persisting in what he had advanced, and corroborating his tale with still stronger proofs, Harold yielded to conviction, and began sincerely to lament his having given Lodowich such a general invitation to his cottage.

Romane and Justine, when they heard this lamentation of Harold, regretted the cause with equal poignancy. Elwina, however, whose bosom flowed perhaps with a greater share of sympathy and sorrow, both for the misfortunes and crimes of her fellow-beings, observed, that Romane might possibly have been imposed upon by

the craft of falsehood; that the censure of the world ought not always to be regarded, without it was strengthened by the most unerring demonstration; that the illiberality of mankind was as partial as it was universal, and that there was something of an intuitive nature which taught her to believe, that Lodowick had more claim upon their attention than they were aware of. This opinion, however, of Elwina's was attributed only to the softness of her nature, and it was determined by the others, that whenever the *murderer of his father* made his appearance at the cottage, that he should be received with coldness and inattention.

Lodowick,

Lodowick, on his return to the solitariness of his castle, felt himself overwhelmed with all the horrors that must attend an exclusion from his kindred and the world—his soul was enflamed with the eagerness it felt for the possession of Elwina—his desires were uncontrollable, and his resolution was fixed to gratify them, let the consequences be death, or the most terrible event. These, however, were the smallest miseries under which he groaned. Even more and more was he disappointed, harassed and nettled to the quick. He now, on his second visit, found himself neglected and treated with the most marked indifference at the cottage, the contempt

with which he was received, and beneath so mean a roof was insupportable, and made his proud spirit meditate the most insatiable revenge.—One ray of hope and one only, shot across his heart, which made him endure these unpardonable tortures with some small degree of patience and fortitude.—Elwina met him in the cottage with a countenance less inflexible than her companions—in her looks there appeared some glances of pity and complacency.—Indifference she assiduously avoided, and regarded the neglect of her friends with visible emotion and anguish.—Such favorable augurs, therefore, as these, Lodowick interpreted into success, and was deter-

determined, after the elapse of a monthly devotion at the cottage, to effect that by the force of stratagem, which he found to be ineffectually attempted by any other means.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

DE Poitiers having paid some visits (as it was hitherto observed) to Lodowick, on the unfortunate death of his father, to console him for the unhappy event, and to relax his moments of solitude and anxiety, was now much surpris'd to find him always absent from the castle, and his domestics never able to give him the least information whither he had gone, or when he should return.—This strange adventure gave rise to several conjectures of fatal apprehension for De Poitiers,

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notwithstanding all the pity he had experienced for the sufferings of Lodowick, had still the death of Le Devot in his remembrance ; and the man, he well conceived, who could level his arrow at the breast of his friend, and afterwards cancel his thoughts and secrets from that same friend, after the most sacred promise of an inviolable confidence, could be still further capable of additional crimes.

De Poitiers, from the above reflections, had determined to watch the peregrinations of Lodowick, and discover whether his designs were virtuous or iniquitous—If he found them to bear the former stamp, he intended that his researches

searches should cease ; but, if on the contrary, nobly to rescue the object who was fixed upon as the sacrifice of his villany.

In this laudable measure, however, he was obstructed by the marquis St. Amand, who, anxious to learn how the friends of the duke stood towards a reconciliation, requested De Poitiers to undertake an embassy to his faithful servant Eusebius, who would give him every information on the subject—for these exertions in his behalf the marquis importuned the chevalier to suffer Henry to accept of the commission, which he had obtained originally for his kinsman.—This offer, however, was gratefully refused ;
for

for De Barre never could bear an idea of separation from his beloved boy, till death itself interfered—he, nevertheless, beseeched the marquis to reserve it for his own son, as a reward for the sufferings he must have experienced on the loss of so noble a sire.—To this St. Amand assented on one condition, that the chevalier should accompany him in a month hence, to be a witness of the happy reconciliation betwixt Selina, his children, and himself.

Lodowick finding all his views levelled to the ground, by the inflexible treatment he met with at the cottage, and for why and wherefore he could not possibly divine, (unsuspicious as he was of
Romane's

Romane's discovery) began now to find resource in more effectual and more horrible means.—In his journey to and fro, he had ever accustomed himself to halt at a small inn, which lay about half way on the road from the castle to the cottage.

The host of this inn was a man, in whose face the strongest marks of villany were deeply imprinted.—A fellow that was perpetually discontented and grumbling at the partiality of fortune, which suffered him, as he petulantly remarked, to live so ignobly, whilst fools rose to riches and preferments.—One that was suspected by the neighbouring people, and on the most sufficient reason,

to

to make away clandestinely with their corn and cattle—to abuse and trample on those beneath him, and, in short, to play the tyrant and the knave, whenever opportunity could favor his atrocious designs.

Lodowick, whose interesting person, insinuating manners and close dissimulation, were able to deceive the wisest and the most honest, could not fail of striking the attention of the villain Dominick—for Dominick was he called.—This fellow, Lodowick saw he could form to his own designs—make him an implement to accomplish all his intentions, and, by bribery, plunge him into a deeper abyss of iniquity than the

one in which he already wallowed.

The more effectually to sound the depth of Dominick's villany, Lodowick first gained his affections by treating him with familiarity. Hearing him at all times complain of his poverty, he joined in reproaches against the partial dispensations of Fortune, and what was more efficacious than these invectives, he twice presented Dominick with his purse. —Lodowick having proceeded so far with success, and finding that his host would proceed to any extremity to serve him, in return began himself to rail and curse the inflexibility of his persecuting stars. No sooner did he

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he launch into this channel, than Dominick, with all the eagerness of whetted villany, embraced the fame, and urged Lodowick with the utmost importunity to point him out a remedy to overcome his ill-fate, and he would endeavour to establish his repose, though he should reach the verge of dissolution in the enterprize.

Lodowick, finding the host unscrupulous, as he could wish in maxims of villany, disclosed to him his adventure at the cottage—the contempt of its residents—his burning passion for Elwina, and his fixed resolution of enjoying her at every hazard,—that he had already formed a design in his mind of effecting his purpose ;

but which, however, he could not have done, unless he had been so fortunate as to have found so brave and noble an accomplice, as he had done in his worthy and disinterested host. Dominick swallowed this potion of flattery with so much avidity, that in his extasy of gladness he grasped fast hold of Lodowick's hand; then gaping, with a mouth full of venomous destruction, and leaning his body across the table, prepared himself to listen with the most anxious attention to what his young guest had to disclose.

Dominick, my brave and honest friend (said Lodowick,) it is thus I propose that we shall effect our purpose—In the dead of night,
about

about four days onward, we will journey to the cottage; as it will be impossible, however, to obtain Elwina but by dint of stratagem, I design to fire a heap of hay which stands near the dwelling; the conflagration of which will soon spread to every adjacent part:—the cottage being so very small, it will be easy for those within to escape from the flames, and as easy, I hope, to carry off Elwina in the confusion that will prevail.—This stratagem, however, will meet with but a moiety of success, unless we can establish an opinion that she perished in the conflagration; in that case, I shall be able to enjoy her in secrecy at my castle, without encountering any further perplexities from her husband

band and kindred, thinking, as they must, that the unhappy Elwina fell with their hospitable dwelling. To bring this about, therefore, my honest Dominick, you shall go, on the night previous to our grand design, to the church which stands hard by the cottage, and remove some dead body from its grave—if possible see that it be a female one. On that, carry the corpse to the cottage, and conceal it beneath the hay, which, being consumed on the next night, will contribute to the idea that Elwina perished in the flames. The men are two only—Harold, the husband, and an old man his father. Provide yourself, therefore, with a club, and as they attempt to make their passage through the cottage door,

door, fell them to the ground.— In the mean time I shall be on the watch to convey Elwina away to your house, which for that night must be her prison; on the succeeding one, I will conduct her to my castle.—This, Dominick, is what I have planned—the reward of your exertions shall be 500 crowns, and my friendship long, as I have life to bestow it.

The host, having regarded Lodowick as a prodigy of excellence (for with a villain, deeds of horrible iniquity work with as much efficacy, as does the disinterested virtuous act with the spirit of charity), in one moment entered into his whole views and designs.—Every thing, therefore, being
planned

planned on one side, and approved by the other, they took their farewell, for the present, of each other, with mutual promises of confidence, and a perpetual good-fellowship.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

THE day being arrived that Dominick should lay the ground-work of his employer's villany, he made his way on horse-back under the auspices of darkness to the awful repository of the dead, bearing with him a pick-axe and lantern.—Dismounting, he ascended the steps of the church-yard, and perusing the inscriptions of the several tombstones as he passed, soon discovered one, which, by its external characters, betrayed the recent interment of a young female. On this, he fixed his

his lantern on a small pyramidal stone that stood just at hand, and then commenced his sacrilegious labour. With his pick-axe he soon gained the depth of the coffin, and with some difficulty raised it on the level ground. Having proceeded thus far, he broke open the hallowed encasement, and grasped the sacred remains in his arms. He was then on the point of carrying away the corpse, to lay it athwart his horse's back, when he was scared with the most inexpressible horror on hearing the sounds of an agonizing scream, and the prostration of some being, at a few steps distance. At this his whole frame vibrated with terror and astonishment, and after suffering the corpse to fall from his arms, he

he stood for some moments immoveable as the surrounding stones. Requiring, however, some resolution from the danger of his situation, he advanced towards the place from whence he had distinguished the sounds. Groping cautiously onwards with his lantern, he soon discovered a woman extended on the ground, arrayed in sable garments, with a figure and appearance differing largely from the common herd. — Doubtful, however, whether it was some phantom that was sent to deter him from his sacrilegious purpose, or a human being who had fled to the protection of the church from some criminal deed, he placed his hand upon her heart, and discovering

covering that it beat with uncommon velocity, he raised her upwards in his arms and fanned her with the skirt of his cloak.—After some moments had expired, the stranger began to recover, but opening her eyes, and casting them on Dominick, whose face was illumed with the gloomy shade of his lantern, and rendered thereby more horrible than nature had really formed it, she gave another scream, and concealed her face within the palms of her two hands.—The villanous host, however, who feared no mortal being, had now thoroughly recovered from his apprehensions, and discovering a ring of great value on the stranger's finger, and a bracelet

bracelet enriched with jewels on her arm, he began to look upon this extraordinary adventure as having happily taken place for his advantage.

Dominick being himself again, and seeing the stranger overcome with her original dismay and terror, launched into a rough vein of consolation, and assured her, with as much softness as his nature would suffer him, that she might look upon him as a friend—as one who was fortunately sent to her assistance, if she had been compelled to fly to such a dreadful abode at so dark and unseasonable an hour for any crime or dire mishap.—The stranger gaining courage, from hearing such a de-

gree of placidity proceed from a figure so uncouth, summoned a few moments of fortitude to her aid, and tremblingly answered—That she was a wretch—an outcast—most vile and unfortunate—That she had fled for protection to that church for the most unpardonable of crimes ; but the night being so far advanced, she had waited for the morning to intreat its sanction and its absolution.—That being concealed only within the porch, she had seen him approach—beheld him rifling the repository of the dead, and, after suffering the most excruciating torments of fear, guilt, and horror at the sight—I was, concluded she, at last so irresistibly overcome, that I yielded to my terrors and fell insenseless,

senseless, as you found me, on the ground. So far extends my unhappy story—now, therefore, let me add (continued the mournful stranger) that if it is in your power to protect me further than can the sanctity of these walls, I will reward you with a most unlimited hand, and, in proportion to your fidelity, pour a heap of riches in your bosom.—At this she gave him a purse laden with gold.—First accept this small offering—mere dross, my friend, to what you shall hereafter receive, as your secrecy to my cause shall merit.

Dominick having first secured the purse in his doublet, assured the stranger that she might fully

rely on his fidelity and fortitude.
—As for sacred attestations
(added he) made up to heaven to
confirm what I now profess, I
always scorn—my future deeds
shall fulfil my present sayings.—
By villany I exist, and was I to
reveal the darkness of my doings
I should cease to live.—You must
now remain here for a short time,
till I take that corpse to a small
distance from this church-yard;
and, stranger, mark me well—
your security hangs not so much
on your proffered generosity, as
the secrecy you shall observe of
what you have beheld in this
place of interment — — —
— — — Upon this Do-
minick once more took the dead
body in his arms, and having
placed

placed it across his horse's back, carried it to the cottage; which having safely deposited beneath the hay, he returned to the burial ground.—Then, assisting the stranger to mount, he made the best of his way back again to his own infamous retreat.

CHAP. V.

DOMINICK was a villain, both by nature and habit; and though possessing a thorough power of secrecy, his character was undistinguished by any great portion of dissimulation—dissimulation, however, to a knave of traffick, and one of his complexion, must have proved rather a defect than otherwise; for did he dissemble his real thoughts, villains, greater and richer than himself, would not have been capable of sifting the depravity of his principles, and to have stirred him

on

on to the perpetration of fresh iniquities.

Having conveyed the stranger safe into his house, and lodged her in a secret apartment, he brought her every nourishment and comfort that the place afforded—then bidding her farewell, and desiring her to lock the door fast on the inside, he promised to pay her a visit in the space of two days, which was the shortest period that he then could fix upon.

About noon the next day, Lodowick arrived at the house of his host—with the looks of impatience he sought to know the result of his last night's stratagem, which Dominick related in that
kind

kind of order as it would have actually happened, had not any thing of the adventure with the female stranger taken place—every circumstance of which he effaced with such scrupulous secrecy, and with such nice exactitude, as could not possibly open the least channel of information to the unsuspecting ear of Lodowick, who swallowed the tale with the most joyful avidity, and commended the diligence and activity of his host with the most lavish encomiums.

When night came on, Dominick and his guest having provided themselves with every material, departed for the cottage on two of Lodowick's choice couriers,

courfers, which he had sent the day before by one of his favourite domestics to the inn.—It was midnight when they arrived, and finding every thing as silent and serene as the most gloomy darkness could render it, they proceeded to the heap of hay under which they found the corpse, well disposed for their purposes.—On this they set fire to the place, and beheld the flames kindle with every rapidity they could wish.—Upon which Dominick situated himself with his uplifted club at the door, whilst Lodowick stood concealed in the rear.—The flames from behind quickly communicating to the thatch on the cottage, the whole top formed an entire conflagration, which
soon

soon made the hapless residents conscious of their danger.—Harold—the fatal—destined Harold first appeared, carrying the beloved Elwina in his arms.—Dominick, the instant that he stepped beyond the threshold, stunned him with his club, and felled him senseless on the ground, whilst Lodowick, catching hold of his wife, enclosed her fast in his embrace, and notwithstanding all her screams, intreaties and imprecations, conveyed her to his horse, and mounting her before him, galloped swiftly off with the wretched victim—Next, oh! horrible to recount, Romane came forth with the trembling affrighted Justine, and received the same fate from the arm of Dominick,

nick, which Harold, but a few moments before, had experienced. —The unhappy fair one seeing her protector fall, and the villain that gave the fatal blow, broke forth in the most agonizing screams and the bitterest execrations—Dominick, perceiving that the shrieks of the women, for Elwina's were still to be heard, would alarm the adjacent people, mounted his horse and followed Lodowick, whom he found had arrived at his house a few instants before him.

The hardy and cruel incendiaries had scarcely effected their escape, when the sad remains of the humble cottage were surrounded by all the people that lived thereabout—

The shrieks of Justine were past description; but, happily for her, a strong flood of tears came to her assistance, and relieved the agonizing horrors of her soul.—The spectators in the mean time, with a sympathizing and anxious solicitude, afforded every relief to the distressed situations of Harold and Romane, who being, however, only stunned with the club of Dominick, began very soon to revive.—But, alas! when they *did* revive, how can I represent the despair, terror, anguish and madness that they separately experienced? For some time afterwards they were immersed in an immoveable state of stupidity, which vanished, nevertheless, for sensations more terrible, when they heard that Elwina

wina could no where be found.—Harold was convinced that she did not perish in the flames, as she was in his arms when he received a blow from an unknown hand; and Justine corroborated this, as after her own escape she could distinctly hear her scream at some distance from the cottage.

Romane tracing this concatenation of circumstances in his mind, could at last be no otherwise persuaded, but that Elwina had been carried off by the villain Lodowick, and that he, with Harold, had been felled by some one of his incendiary accomplices.—The distracted cottager, however, was doomed to experience the most pitiable revolution of doubt and
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despair, for scarcely was he confirmed in his suspicions, than a dead body was discovered beneath the remains of the hay ! ! ! — —

The commiserating spectators, at this woeful sight, penetrated the air with the keenest exclamations of pity for the poor sufferer, and horror for the treacherous deed— with doleful lamentations for the unhappy Elwina, and with bitter execrations against the perfidious incendiary — — — — —

The corpse most fortunately, however, as it led to another discovery, was not consumed, for the hay had burnt with so much rapidity that the body was only scorched, though disfigured in such a man-

ner

ner as to render the features incapable of recognition—Ufmar, a youthful and opulent farmer, having attended this lamentable summons of distress, and mixing with the neighbouring people to view the supposed remains of Elwina, discovered a ring on the finger of the body, which he immediately recollected, with the most piercing horror, to have given his sister, who had been dead and interred only a few days past.—This adventure, in a tenfold degree, increased the general astonishment that had all along prevailed—the fire—the abuse of the cottagers persons — The rape of Elwina, and after all, such a strange discovery of Ufmar's sister's remains, which he himself lately had seen

secretly deposited in sacred ground, appeared like events most supernatural and heterogeneous.—The latter adventure none could possibly account for, though Romane discovered a clue which would lead them ultimately to the knowledge of every mystery.

The poor cottager, in contemplating the melancholy ruins of his once happy dwelling, cast his eyes on a buckle and some feathers, which he immediately recollected to have seen in the hat of Lodowick, and which, in the anxiety of securing Elwina, he had suffered to fall unperceived. This fresh discovery Romane made known to all who had assembled round the cottage, which
placing

placing Lodowick as the author of the whole night's villany and distress, beyond any farther doubt, the voice of pity was in an instant changed to that of revenge. Usmar, incensed beyond all description at the sacrilegious removal of his sister's manes, called both on God and man to grant him immediate vengeance,—whilst Harold, equally inflamed with the bitterness of anger for the loss of his beauteous, beloved Elwina, most devoutly adjoined Amen to Usmar's prayer; on this, Amen and Amen were echoed every where about, by the sympathising cottagers.

The sun having yet an hour or so, to irradiate the terrestrial orb,

Usmar made his brother-sufferers, with Justine, accompany him to his habitation, till the morning should give them an opportunity of pursuing Lodowick and his Accomplice.

CHAP. VI.

LODOWICK having conveyed Elwina safe to the inn, led her to an apartment where every thing was already prepared for her refreshment, and his infernal purposes.—The fair distressed, however, refused to partake of the least alleviation, and remained silent and inflexible—Her strength had been exhausted—her tender frame was shook to its very basis in the horrid journey that she had been compelled to undergo, and she now seemed both ready and willing to experience the worst alternative.

native — Death — for the loss of honor she was determined to prevent at the loss of life. Thus resolved, she sat patient-like — her head reclined upon her arm — both owing their feeble support to her trembling and half-uplifted knee.

Lodowick, having spent the few remaining hours of darkness in endeavouring to reconcile the hapless Elwina to her fate, but finding all his promises — all his extorted sentiments of honor and fidelity, and all his professions of the most unbounded love prove ineffectual, he was determined no longer to dally with opportunity which afforded him so propitious
an

an interval of gratification.—Thus resolved, he fixed his seat aside the desponding, trembling Elwina, and clasping her around, forced an embrace, to which she answered with a most piercing scream. This thrilling proof of disinclination served only to summon Dominick to his post, otherwise it was heeded not.—Pity was to be smothered without remorse, and hot desire to predominate alone—To the above constrained embrace he now violated her sacred lips, with the most hideous contact.—The lips of villany most sacrilegious, he joined to those of virtue most untainted—To that and that, fresh trespasses against the boundaries of innocence were gradually committed,

mitted, till Elwina, nearly overcome, fell upon her knees, and with her remaining strength—with uplifted hands—with eyes darting the feeble rays of glimmering despondency, she appealed to Lodowick for pity — — —
— — Oh! Lodowick (exclaimed the agonized Elwina)—Lodowick, look not upon me with that countenance of horror and determination—plunge thy weapon in this bosom that never wished thee harm; but spare my innocence—spare my virtue—ought else is thine—my life—Oh! take my hapless life, which, without honor never can be worth the holding

— — — — — At this Elwina
made

made bare her bosom for the well-
 supplicated stroke of death — —
 Lodowick, regarding the offered
 spot of sacrifice, beheld — — — —

— — — — — *The*
Grape and the Green Leaf—The
 terrible emblems of a recovered
sister lost from time of *infancy*—
 The dying mementos of a *mur-*
dered father — — — — —

Lodowick, undaunted villian as
 he was, now shrunk back with
 the great load of horror—guilt
 and astonishment — — — — —

The terror of his looks—the fear-
 ful glances of his penetrating eye,
 soon overcame the already fur-
 charged

charged Elwina.—Death was now making rapid strides to finish all her sorrows, and sinking insensate on the floor, her head reclined against the wainscot—Memory for a time took a transient flight, and clouded all the assembled horrors of her mind, in a mist of oblivion.

Lodowick in the mean time had scarcely recovered from his terror and amazement, when his soul received a fresh shock from a loud clamour, that he distinguished in the gallery that led to his apartment.—One evil hardly appears but it is succeeded by another, each after one more dreadful than the former.—Fate, he saw, had now armed itself against him,

him, and determined to meet him boldly in whatever terrible shape he should advance. Lodowick unsheathed his sword, and stood prepared to receive the worst that should forthcome.

CHAP. VII.

THE female stranger, who was brought the night before to the inn, had most distinctly heard the screams of Elwina, and the frequent sounds of Lodowick's voice.—Her apartment lay at the end of the gallery, which was guarded (as before observed) by Dominick, whilst his guest should satisfy his lust on the unhappy person of Elwina.—She having listened, therefore, for some time, with every anxiety and horror, burst at last from her chamber, and

and making her way along the passage, essayed to pass the vigilance of Dominick. — In this, however, she was immediately obstructed, and roughly commanded to return to her place of concealment. — His behest the stranger treated with the most indignant scorn, and still persisted in her attempt to pass—On this the surly host menaced instant destruction if she dare proceed, even in the least degree.—His threats however she despised, and thereupon pushing him on one side haughtily with her arm, endeavoured to make her progress good.—Dominick, incensed at her proud demeanour, and obstinate refusal of his commands, imme-

diately plunged his weapon deeply in her side. — The stranger too heavily feeling the mortal wound she had received, but still resolved to prosecute her intent, placed herself against the wainscot, and staggered onward to the apartment from whence she had distinguished the voices of those within. — Lodowick opening the door at the very instant she had made her way thither, the wretched female fell forward prostrate on the floor — Notwithstanding, however, the severity of this second shock, she turned herself a few moments afterwards on her unwounded side, and looking upwards in the face of Lodowick, exclaimed, in a tone more expressive of joy than
agony

agony—it is my boy—it is my
son ————

——— At this extraordinary adventure, which could rank only with the former in the greatness of its wonder and extent, Lodowick found himself encompassed in a cloud of horrible insensibility—his tongue clung fast to the roof of his mouth, and rendered him incapable of utterance.—The only faculties that remained were his eyes, which rolled alternately on his bleeding mother, and the astonished Dominick.—Veronica, however, finding the pangs of death grappling hard with her departing body, clasping the hand of Lodowick in her's, and after pressing it to

grew dim, and tottered in their sockets—She saw also the same exact resemblance in Elwina, as she had seen in her infant Adelina—it was her child—her long lost child.—The mournful sight was too powerful for all her fortitude to sustain—faintly she lisped, farewell, my Adelina—adieu my beloved Lodowick—These melancholy sounds ushered in her death—With Veronica it was night—was darkness all—she sunk never to rise again.

CHAP. VIII.

A Mother and a sister thus apparently crowding together in the silent sepulchre, caused emotions of pity, affection and remorse in the bosom of Lodowick, which he never had experienced before — — — perceiving, however, that Adelina began to recover from her state of insensibility, his presence of mind arrived so far to his assistance, that he ordered Dominick to convey the corpse of *his mother* to some other apartment, that it might not

not increase the horrors that his sister had already undergone.

When Elwina opened her deep swollen eyes, and afterwards appeared susceptible of reason, Lodowick kneeled tenderly by her side, and clasping hold of her clay-cold hand, called upon her in the tender—endearing strains of sister—and of Adelina. — Repentance and despair hovering over the desponding villain's aspect, the wretched fair one raised herself from the floor, and anxiously questioned him if he was sincere? for to the *orphan's* bosom the name of *sister* excited sensations which the claim of kindred alone could feel. Sister! sister (repeated the

the alarmed Elwina), oh! Lodowick, if thou art indeed my brother, the fates have doomed us to the excess of misery, wretchedness and despair ——— ——— ——— ———

——— ——— ——— ——— Elwina, thou dear and most injured woman, (replied the repentant Lodowick), answer me to what I now shall question thee! art thou the daughter of Romane, as thou wast reputed so to be—Oh! no! oh! no (rejoined Elwina) ——— ——— Wast thou not found then, by this same Romane, near the forest of Vaudeuile, when but an infant, and when thy companions were all destroyed by barbarous robbers? So Romane indeed has often told me (replied Elwina
once

once again) ; then, Elwina, thou art indeed my sister—the marks upon thy bosom (exclaimed the wondering brother) were sufficient testimonies of our kindred—My mother sought the fruit that thou findest portrayed upon thy bosom, ere thou wert born. Thy father spoke of thee in the sacred moments of his death—thy parent that bore thee blest thee but a few moments past—she bade thee tenderly farewell, and sunk to everlasting rest ——— ——— ———

——— ——— Nay, Elwina, seek not to learn further—thou shalt hear all, if fate should happily ordain it —Thy tender frame is not capable, at present, to encounter fresh shocks of adversity—Already has it

it been too much enfeebled with the villany of a brother—a brother, however, whose future life, should heaven favour the existence that shall be employed in the endeavour of compensating for the miseries he must have heaped on a virtuous sister and her orphan friends. ——— ——— ———

—— — At this moment Dominick entered, after having placed the body of Veronica in a place of security and repose ——— ———

—— — — — When Lodowick beheld his host, he raised Elwina gently in his arms, and bade him lead them to an apartment where she might acquire that

that due tranquillity and rest which
could alone restore the peace of
mind and body, that he so cruelly
had deprived her of — — —
—————

CHAP. IX.

WHEN Lodowick had seen his sister properly reposed, he descended with Dominick, and thereupon questioned him how his mother Veronica could possibly have gained admission into the inn, and still further—access to his apartment?—So far as Dominick knew of the stranger's history he faithfully related—from the adventure in the ground of interment, to that of wounding her in the passage; he did not omit the most trifling article.—Thus satisfied, Lodowick

Lodowick could no otherwise than regard the forerunning part as a mystery that still remained to be made known.—Dominick having told his tale so far as in his compass lay, in return, beseeched his guest that he would recount the melancholy tale which touched upon the beautiful stranger in whom he had found a sister.—Lodowick having complied to the utmost of his knowledge with the request of Dominick, it raised a sympathy in his breast, which he had never felt till then.

After some moments of silence, Dominick proposed that they should fly from the inn, as a discovery must inevitably take place;

H 2

the

the consequence of which must alternately prove a cruel and ignominious death.—I have three fellows (added he) who have long been the companions of my dangerous pursuits—they are all steadily attached to my cause, and would spend their dearest blood in my behalf—Let us therefore take advantage by the wing, and avoid an enemy whose complaints and injuries cannot but fail of proving our inevitable destruction.

Dominick, my friend, (answered Lodowick), full well I know that you embarked your life to serve my purpose ; safety is at present in your power.—Fly, therefore, and leave me to my fate.

fate.—I dare encounter the
very worst that my evil destiny
shall prepare against me; but
death alone shall ever make me
quit my injured Adelina ———

—————
—————
————— Scarcely
were these words pronounced,
when a loud clamour was made
at the door of the inn.—Lodowick
and Dominick, followed by the
three fellows, flew sword in hand
to discover the cause. The first
objects that presented themselves
to their view were Harold, Uf-
mar, and Romane.—The latter
first beholding Lodowick, most
bitterly exclaimed, “there stands
the villain!”—He, however, anxi-

ously demanded a parley, which was answered only with a torrent of the most keen reproaches.—Ufmar, the foremost of the party, disdaining all restraint, rushed furiously onward, and aimed his sabre at the head of Lodowick.—The impetuous youth, however, knew not that he had attacked a man trained up to arms, and possessing the utmost coolness and intrepidity in the hour of danger—His weapon, therefore, was encountered by that of his undaunted foe, who throwing it dexterously aside, pierced him through and through the heart.—Harold and his companion, seeing their friend thus ignobly fall, made their passage through the threshold of the dwelling;

dwelling; but being immediately surrounded by Dominick and his followers, they were soon disarmed, and made the prisoners of their detested and incendiary foes.

CHAP. X.

HAROLD and Romane being led to an interior part of the inn, Lodowick commanded the host to set their persons free, and the fellows to place themselves about the different parts of the dwelling, to watch against any other unexpected attack — —

————— This being all obeyed, Lodowick, in a steady and determined tone, thus addressed the unhappy cottagers — —
— Harold, thy first and anxious wish must, no doubt, be to hear
some

some tidings of thy beloved Elwina—Nay, look not thus frowningly upon me, for I would fain rejoice thine ears with sounds of joy, and not reproach.—Elwina lives, and will, I hope, for many happy years to come.—In a short time, Harold, thou shalt behold her, and, though villain as I am, she will tell thee I am her *brother*

— — — — — Nay,
do not start Romane, for well
thou knowest Elwina never was
thy child, but by adoption.—Into
thy power she came an helpless
orphan, and in thy fostering arms
she found a father—friend—pro-
tector.—Elwina, is Adelina, the
daughter of Robert le Devot—
the sister of Lodowick.—Confir-
mation,

mation, indubitable as our existence, did I see.—Her mother, in Elwina, beheld the sight, panted for the juicy grape; the stain of which she bears upon her bosom—the intervening stain that saved me from a deeper abyss of horror and distraction, that rescued me from the terrors and the guilt of incest—That restored a sister to my arms—that has brought me to the sense of conviction and repentance.—Further I will not add, for words resemble only the poor decayed beings who gave thy adopted Elwina breath—being, as they are now — — empty and incorporeal.—I shall not repeat, Roman, what passed in the few weeks that I journeyed to your cottage.

cottage.—Let it suffice to remark, that what you, Harold, and all did suffer, it was I who perpetrated the whole—it was I———

——— Here one of the fellows entered, and exclaimed that the officers of justice were coming towards the inn——

——— Then, Lodowick, thy career is done.—

With these words he drew a poignard from his bosom, and buried it in the place where it had been just concealed———

My friends, it ill suits the boldness of my soul, and the honor of our house, that I should suffer a cruel and ignominious death—therefore have I added self-destruction to
that

that of my other crimes.—Here, Dominick, take this purse, and fly; for though I have been the leading instrument of my deep-laid villany, justice may perhaps look with a heavy brow on thy interference.—Farewell, Dominick—Death comes quickly on me—Adieu, my friends—Elwina, farewell — Elwina—dearest—beloved Elwina, adieu for ever — — —

— — — — —

— — — — —

Thus fell Lodowick, overwhelmed with every human error in the silent grave—not dying without remorse, nor falling without some share of pity.

CHAP. XI.

CHANCE, and that of the most extraordinary complexion, frequently brings those events to light, which the severest researches would find impossible to effect.—Eusebius, on the eve of the foregoing fatal tragedy, had flown to the castle of Du Barre, to inform his lord that the friends of the Duke O—— began to abate of their inflexibility, and that an early reconciliation would take place betwixt the two families.—Soon after the arrival of Eusebius, came the officers of justice to the

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castle of Le Devot to seek the person of Veronica, who had, about the same time, poignarded the abbess when asleep, to accomplish her flight from the convent, which the vigilance of her superior had hitherto rendered ineffectual.

A crime of so heinous a nature struck the Chevalier Du Barre, and his friends, with the deepest horror and chagrin.—The honor of their house, he perceived, was soon to be immersed in the deepest disgrace, and one of the noblest branches of their family brought to an ignominious scaffold.

Scarcely had the intelligence of Veronica's crime and flight taken wing,

wing, than the report of Lodowick's villany, with the sufferings of Romane and the other cottagers, got entrance into the castle.—Nothing was to be heard through the whole neighbouring country but exclamations of pity for the sufferings of one, and the bitterest execrations against the villany of the other.

The whole castle, at this twofold tale of misery, became a scene of confusion and consternation—Messengers were dispatched to the castle of Le Devot, to learn if either Veronica or Lodowick had been discovered? No tidings of them were to be heard, and the officers of justice having, by me-

naces of the severest tortures, extracted from one of the domestics a confession that he had lately conveyed two of Lodowick's courfers to the inn, they departed thither immediately to trace the guilty Veronica.

Harry de Poitiers and Eusebius were the chief instruments of counsel and consolation—It was now the marquis curst the pride and perseverance of his soul, for having suffered his wife, his children, and his faithful friend to lay exposed to such a train of complicated villany; the beauteous and the persecuted Elwina too forced her passage into the deep-wrung soul, and added much unto the bitterness of his woes.

News

News having arrived at the castle that the officers were gone in pursuit of the wretched criminal to the house of Dominick, the chevalier desired De Poitiers to follow the same route, and to return with the utmost expedition, when he had discovered any intelligence of Veronica or Lodowick.—The marquis likewise requested Henry that Eusebius might attend him to alleviate the sorrows of his wife and children, and bring them with him to the castle of Du Barre.

CHAP. XII.

THE officers of justice, on approaching the cottage, perceived Dominick attempting to fly, and being almost covered with blood, they bound and carried him with them to the inn.

When they entered the house, the first melancholy sight that presented itself to their view was Harold and Romane, folding the cloak of Lodowick around his face, who had but a moment before atoned for all his sins on earth,
by

by the resignation of that last awful boon—death.

The officers demanding of Romaine and Harold where the lady Veronica was concealed, they turned round, and pointing to Dominick, replied—that he could best answer what they should think proper to demand — — The host, however, remained silent and fullen—The fiercest tortures that imagination could devise were threatened, but still he would not deign to answer.—The officers finding Dominick thus inflexible to all their menaces, changed the haughtiness of their tones, and promised mercy—nay *pardon*, if he would confess all he knew—

Swear

Swear it then (replied the host)—
We swear to heaven that our promise shall be sacred (answered the officers)—Then follow me, and I will lead thee to Veronica.—On this Dominick conducted the officers, with Harold and Romane, to the crimson-dyed apartment where the hapless woman lay fast enfolded in the jaws of death ————

——— To paint the horror and surprize of the beholders at this awful gloomy spectacle, may be easier conceived than described —

——— The officers, after recovering from their consternation, demanded of Dominick the cause of Veronica's death. Let your superior (replied the

the determined host) sign my mercy and pardon, and I will reveal what now rests with the dead and me alone ——— ——— ———

——— ——— ——— Oh! God (exclaimed Harold in all the bitterness of despair), and wilt thou lead me to Elwina thus? say, is she among the living or the dead? if with the former? Oh! do but speak it, and I will on my knees, till they shall ache with bending, to supplicate the benignant voice of mercy in thy favour ——— ——— ———

——— ——— ——— Harold (answered Dominick in a tone of more than wonted softness), thy Elwina lives —not long ago I left her with my mother to allay her sorrows, and to lull her unto rest—Follow me,

me, and I will conduct thee to her
— — — On this the host brought
them along the gallery which led
to her apartment—Knocking softly
at the door, the old woman at-
tended the summons, and gave
her son to know that Elwina had
fallen into a slumber—With that
they all withdrew but Harold, who
creeping softly into the chamber,
and kneeling by the side of his
dear-beloved, offered up his silent
meditations to the Almighty Being
for the happy restoration of his
grief-furcharged and over-pressed
Elwina.

CHAP. XIII.

SCARCELY had Romane and the officers of justice descended with Dominick, than De Poitiers and Eusebius entered the threshold—When the old friends beheld each other, notwithstanding their mutual transports of grief, they seized an embrace, that told the joyful emotions of their bosoms.—Eusebius first recovering from his surprize, and anxious to learn how his poor children did (for such he had ever called them), asked for his dear
Sabina

Sabina — Oh! my dear friend, (answered Romane, heaving a sigh that wrung her very soul), Sabina did not long survive the cruel separation of her dear-beloved lord. When Goderville departed all was sorrow—despair—misery and misfortune.—The neighbouring peasants cattle rotted—their fields produced no corn—famine was seen in every countenance—charity came trembling round our doors, and old age, in feeble accents, lisped forth its pressing wants.—Our money was scattered in every part to relieve the people's wants—our coffers were emptied, and our magazines thrown open to feed the hungry and the wretched—like those whom lately we had
had

had given the hospitable boon, we too did find the lean-stretched hand of penury and distress burst most woefully against us.—Sabina, worn down with melancholy, despair and grief, yielded up her wretched life.—Her children's house was seized for dear charity's intervening sake.—My homely cottage then became their future dwelling—There, Eusebius, they found an humble life—content—tranquillity, and every lowly comfort, till Lodowick became enamoured of Elwina—Elwina—so called by me, coming as she did an orphan to my arms—Elwina—the daughter—the Adelina of Robert Le Devot—the wretched sister of the guilty Lodowick ———

————— At the
found of Lodowick, they were in-
terrupted from above with the ex-
clamations of—Oh! where is Ro-
mane?—Romane—Romane, af-
cend and behold Elwina sunk to
everlasting peace ———

————— This awful
summons was instantly obeyed by
the invoked cottager, who request-
ed, thereupon, that Eusebius and
De Poitiers should follow ———

—————
Harold at the door encountered
Romane, and, with horror inexpli-
cable in his looks, together with
an agony of voice that chilled him
to the very soul, (exclaimed)—
Oh! my friend, behold thy dear
Elwina there—See, she slept—but
slept

slept never to rise again— Her
 breath is gone—the channels of
 her blood are stopt—one sigh she
 gave—once called on Harold—
 but sighed—but called no more—
 The roses on her cheek were faded
 off—her eyes do lack their ani-
 mated lustre—her lips are deathly
 pale—her clay-cold hand—oh!
 Romane, feel but her clay-cold
 hand, and then, ——— ——— ———

——— ——— ——— ——— On this Ha-
 rold cast his eyes around and be-
 held Eusebius—He started up-
 wards, and suffering his voice to
 droop, exclaimed, ah! my aged
 friend, art thou also here to view
 this horrid spectacle of sorrow and
 of death? this mournful sepul-
 chre of thy devoted friends? this

awful monument of innocence and guilt—Comest thou not, Eusebius, to behold the children of thy master fall the victims of his obduracy and his pride? If thou dost, old man (continued Harold, bursting forth in all the vehemence of distraction and of rage) return to Goderville—command him to appear also—Mark me well, Eusebius—'tis Harold that commands—say not his son, for if thou dost, old man, thy breath shall ever tainted be with blackest falsehood—Harold never was his son—Sabina never was his wife—Justine never was his child, and old Romane never was his friend.—If Goderville had ever been a husband—a father, or a friend, would he

he have abandoned all to wretchedness, oblivion, and to want?—Then, ere I follow my dear Elwina to the tomb, let the father's name be ever blotted from the sacred list of kindred and of friendship—Goderville did swear, that thou, Romane, was witness to the oath, that he ne'er would see his wife or children more—His wish is half fulfilled—Sabina's gone—Elwina's dead—Harold soon shall follow.—Romane, look to Justine—she is thine—love her for her brother's sake—nay, my friends, oppose not my intent—let loose my arms, for Hercules himself could not restrain my dire intent—Harold shall follow his Elwina to the grave—If Lodo-

wick dare encounter death, shall I fear the stings of his unerring dart?—Life to me would be perpetual sorrow—a burning hill on earth—then why not mount from earth to heaven? why not meet my loved Elwina, and rest with her in everlasting peace? —

————— At these last awful sounds, Harold embraced the death, as Lodowick had done before.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE gloomy sable curtain, that had overwhelmed the house of Dominick, struck every one with that melancholic horror which rendered them equally careless of existence or annihilation.—Death stared them so terribly in the face, that life, in fact, was scared from each one's cheek, and nought appeared thereon but ghastly paleness, and swollen despair.—The officers of justice, accustomed as they were to scenes of slaughter, woe and executions, shrunk

shrunk at the dismal sweep that death had made around them.— Most piercing lamentations swelled every dreary avenue, and sprang a knell that alarmed even the bare-bone king of terrors. De Poitiers having beheld the self-sacrificed Lodowick—the fresh-bleeding Veronica—the tranquil death of the beautiful Elwina—the heroic exit of the fierce determined Harold, found his soul sickened with so much horror, that he left the inn, and bade his friends to follow.—Romane (said Henry) one corpse have I seen whose features are to me unknown.—It is Usmar's (replied the cottager) who has been a sufferer in this dreadful scene of woe.—Justine, the daughter of Goderville—
his

his sole remaining child, now dwells at his habitation.—Some one therefore (answered De Poitiers) must go hence and bring her to the castle—Eusebius, let that task be thine—My domestics shall convey the corpse of Usmar to his native residence.—They are at thy command—be quick, my aged friend, and glad thy hapless master's eyes with the wished-for view of his sole beloved child ————

——— The body of Usmar being wrapped up in fine white linen, was safely placed across the courser of De Poitiers, whose coat was like to driven snow, and conducted onwards by the grief-worn Eusebius ————

This

————— This ceremony being performed, Henry requested Romane, and the officers of justice, that they should prepare the bodies of those within, in order to proceed forward to the castle, whilst he should go in quest of the bishop, who presided over a neighbouring abbey, to assist in the funeral procession ———

————— The abbey that De Poitiers resorted to had long been famous for its riches, splendour and magnificence.—When he arrived thither, grand mass was in the act of being celebrated by the bishop—As he advanced therefore towards the altar, he presented a purse, which contained a thousand crowns—

Upon

Upon which he delivered his embassy to the priest, who communicating it to the bishop, every thing was prepared in the course of an hour to assist in the procession to the castle.

The ceremony being registered in the archives of the church, it was found to proceed as underneath :

The gold crucifix
supported
By a priest.

The bishop
Mounted on a white courser.

Twelve priests on foot,
Chaunting a requiem
To the souls of the dead.

Romane

Romane on horseback.

The dean and vicar
mounted

On white courfers.

The bodies
of

Harold and Elwina
Wrapt in fine white linen,
and

Supported
By twelve men
Side by side.

Six more priests,
two by two,
Chaunting the requiem.

Henry de Poitiers on horseback.

The deacon and sub-deacon
mounted

On white courfers.

The

The bodies
of
Lodowick and Veronica
Wrapt together
In black woollen cloth,
and
Supported in a vehicle
led
By four horses.

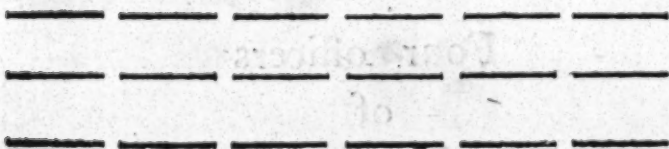
The chaplain
On horseback.

Four officers
of
Justice
On horseback.

Dominick on foot,
His hands bound behind.

Four officers
of
Justice
On horseback,
With swords drawn.

The chief officer
of
Justice,
Mounted on a black courser,
with
His drawn sword.



In

In this manner did the mournful procession move forward along the banks of the Seine to the castle of De Barre, followed by a thousand spectators who had assembled on the way, and who devoutly joined in the requiem that was chaunted for the souls of the dead.

Henry de Poitiers first broke through the solemn order, and entered the gates—He was immediately met by the Chevalier his father—The Marquis St. Amand—Dagobert, and the domestics cloathed in the deepest sables.—In a few words, he prepared them for the solemn entry—beseeched them to meet the worst of mis-

ries.—They seemed resigned, and the mournful cavalcade advanced in all the awful pomp of sepulchral horror.

That night, the bishop and his holy retinue took up their abode in the castle—Every regard that could be paid to the sanctity of their order, they received from the hospitality of De Barre and his guests.

In the morning Romane arrived at the castle with the beauteous and mournful Justine.—She appeared the counterpart of the departed Sabina.—St. Amand received her with that effusion of joy and repentance, which be-
2 spoke

spoke at once the gladness that he had ever received in her endearing presence, and the regret that he experienced for the unhappy fate of her beloved mother.

The same day, a part of the ground belonging to the castle of Le Devot being consecrated by the bishop, the remains of Veronica, Lodowick, Harold and Elwina, were conducted thither, and interred with every funeral pomp — — — — — As an atonement, however, for the crimes of the mother and the son, and at the same time in remembrance of the misfortunes of Harold and his wife, the castle was presented to the bishop as a foundation

foundation for some religious order, and endowed with many rich gifts both by De Barre and the Marquis St. Amand, together with an annual income for its support — — — — —

— — — — — When the time was elapsed, appropriated to the remembrance of the dead, Henry de Poitiers and Justine were clasped together in the sacred bonds of matrimony.

The chevalier De Barre and the Marquis St. Amand, having lived to see their children blessed with a numerous and virtuous offspring, contentedly terminated a sacred score of years, leaving their joint
estates

estates to Henry and his beloved Justine.

Eusebius and Romane sunk down with reverend age at last, beheld a noble race spring forward to the glory of their beloved master's name—obliterating, by their heroic and noble acts, the crimes and dire misdeeds of their unhappy kindred.

Dominick, notwithstanding the sacred promises that he had received from the officers of justice, was doomed to suffer the severest sentence of the law—On the interference, however, of the chevalier De Barre and the marquis St. Amand, the tortures of the rack
were

were changed to decapitation, which he suffered with more fortitude than could be expected from the magnitude of iniquity that he laboured under.

THE END.



